WORD OF THE LORD

The Publican Was Justified Because of His Humility.

TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON

The wif fighteens Pharisee-Why the Publicant Were Duliked and Their Title Used as a Byword.

DECOGLES, July 3.—Rev. Dr. Taimage

DECCELYS, July 2.—Rev. Dr. Taimage had selected as his subject for today a picture of contrast, "Arrogance and Rumility." the text being Luke swill, 13, "God be merciful unto me, a sincer?"

No mountain ever had a mere brilliant curvant than Mount Mortah. The glories of the ancient temple Based there. The mountain top was not originally large energig to hold the temple, and so a wall 600 feet high was spected, and the mountain was built out into that wall.

It was at that point that estan roof

thin was built out into that wall.

It was at that point that estan nod Christ and tried to passende him to cast himself down the 600 feat. The nine gates of the tempte flashed the light of allier and gold and Corinthian bress, which Corinthian bress was mere precious stones moited and united and crystallized. The tempte itself was not so very large a atructure, but the dourts and the adjancts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference.

We stand and look upon that won-drous structure. What's the matter! What stronge appearance in the temple! Is it fire? Why, it seems as if it were a massion all kindled into flame. What's the matter? Why, its the hour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke on the altar rises and bursts out of the crevices and out of the door and wreathes the mounwhich glitter precious stones gathered and burnished by royal munificence.

I see two men mounting the steps of the building. They go side by side; they are very unlike; no sympathy between them-the one the pharisee, proud arrogant, pompous; he goes up the steps of the building; he seems by his manner to my: "Clear the track! Never before came up these steps such goodness and

Beside him was the publican, bowed down seemingly, with a load on his heart. They reach the inclosure for worship in the midst of the temple. The pharises goes close up to the gate of the holy of holies. He feels he is worthy to stand there. He says practically: "I am so holy I want to go into the holy of holies. O Lord, I am a very good man! I am a remarkably good man. Why, two days in the week I est absolutely nothing. I'm so good. I'm very generous in my conduct toward the poor I have no sympathy with the common rabble: especially have I none with this poor, miserable, commonplace, wretched publicau, who happened to come up the states beside toe.

THE REPENTANT PUBLICAN. The publican went clear to the other sule of the inclosure, as far away from the gate of the holy of holies as he could get, for he felt unworthy to stand near the secret place. And the lible may be stood afar off. Standing on the opposite side of this inclosure, he hows his boad, and us orientals when they have any trouble beat their breasts, so he begins to pound his breast as he eries,

"God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Oh, was there ever a greater contrast! The incense that wafted that morning from the prient's censer was not so sweet as the publican's prayer fleating into the opening heavens, while the prayer of the pharises died on his contemptuous line and rolled down into his arrogant heart. Worshiping there, they join each other and so side by side down the steps, the pincises cross, wretched, acrid, saturnine the publican with his face shining with the very joys of heaven, for "I tell you that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Now, I put this publican's prayer under analysis, and I discover in the first place that he was persuaded of his sin-fulness. He was an bonest man, he was a taggatherer; he was an officer of the government. The publicans were taxgatherers, and Cicero says they were the adornment of the state. Of course they were somewhat unpopular, because perple then did not like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay their taxes, and there were many who

Still I suppose this publican, this tax gatherer, was an honorable man. He had an office of trust; there were many hard things said about him, and yet, scanding there in that inclosure of the temple smid the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he eries out from the very depths of his soul, "God be mereiful to me, a sinner? By what process shall I prove that I am a singer! By what process shall I prove that you nes a sinner! Small I ask you to weigh your motives to sean your actions, to estimate your behavior? I will do nothing of the kind. I will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that tool has achieved for your salvation.

SHIPWENING WHEE. You go down in a storm to the beach, and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then elect the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry, "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ patting ande role and crown and launch out on the tossing are of human suffering and extends hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry. "A shipweek!"

know that our souls are dreadfully lost by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a student Suppress you had a commercial agent in Charles ton or San Prancisco or Chicago, and you were partie him promptly his sale ary, and you found out after awhile that satwithstanding he had drawn the minry he had given nine-tenths of all the time is sage other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would

the way we have treated the Lord.

The sent us out into the world to serve him. He has taken good sare of us. He has election us, he has sheltered us, and he has errounded us with 10,000 benefactions, said yet many of na have given nine-tenths of our item to the service of the world, the fiesh and the devil. Why, my friend, the Billio is full of confession. and I do not find saybody is perdoned

What sid Dortel mot. HE will conden

my transgressions unto the Lord." What did lesian eay? "Were is me, because I am, a man of unclean lips." What did Eara say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our transpass is grown up into heaven." And among the milhous before the throne if God tenight not one got there until he confused. The court of oternal mercur is strown with the wrent of these who, not taking the mercure drown with the cargo of the warning drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white tangled foam of the breakers.

Repeat! the vetre estactial eries,
Not imper danc date;
The wretch that scores the mandate dies
And mosts the forp day.

NO SELF ENGINEEROCK

But I analyse the publican's prayer a stop further, and I find that he expected as relief except through God's mercy. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man. When I get \$10 tame, I pay them right over to the government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts. I appeal to thy justice, O God! He made no such ples. He throw himself flat on God's mercy.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking of the scales of the legrony can change the disease! Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart—that you can purchase your way to heaven! Come, try it. Come, bring all the bread you over gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you. Add them all up into the tremendons aggregate of good words and works, and then you will see Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit of self satinfaction as he cries, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, say a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to be saved? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story; mercy, mercy, long suffering mercy; sovereign

Here I stand to tell the story; mercy, mercy, long suffering mercy; sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. Why, it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist when it tries to describe

HOPE FOR THE REPENTANT. Oh, says some one, that is only adding to my crime if I come and confess before God and seek his mercy. No, no! The murderer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands, looked into the face of God and cried for mercy, and his soul has been white in God's pardoning leve! And the soul that has wandered off in the streets and down to the very gates of hell has come back to her father's house, throwing her arms around his neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary

open that door of mercy too wide. No. I will throw it open wider. I will take the responsibility of saying that if all this audience, instead of being gathered in a semicircle, were placed side by side, in one long line, they could all march right through that wide open gate of marcy. "Whosenver." Oh. mercy. "Whoseover," "whoseover." Oh, this mercy of God-there is no line long enough to fathom it; there is no ladder long enough to scale it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it; no

Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, cannot compass that harmony of mercy, mercy. sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gate. I hear it in the chiming of the ce-lestial towers. I see it flashing in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved. I hear it in the thundering tread of the bannered hosts around about the throne, and then it comes from the harps and crowns and thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a throne overtopping all heaven-the

THE GOSPEL LIPESOAT.

How I was affected when some one told me in regard to that accident on Long Island sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft as she tried to save herself, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I bless God that this lifeboat of the gospel has room enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race room for one, room for all, and yet there is room!

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further and find that he did not expect any mercy except by pleading for it. He did not fold his hands together as some do, saying: "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved. If I'm to be lost, I'll be lost, and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was worth having was worth asking for; hence this earnest cry of the text, "God be merciful to me, a sumer!"

It was an cornest prayer, and it is characteristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered—the blind man, "Lord, that I may receive my sight;" the leper. "Lord, if then wilt, then canst make me clean;" sinking Peter, "Lord, ave me." the publican, "God, be merci-ful to me, a sinner!" But if you come up with the tip of your finger and tap at the gate of mercy, it will not open. You have got to have the earnestness of the warrior who, defeated and pursued, dismounts from his lathered steed and with ganutieted fist pounds at the palace gate.

You have gut to have the engueriness of the man who, at midright, in the fourth story, has a sense of sufficiation. with the house in flames, goes to the window and shouts to the firemen "Help!" Gunforgiven soul, if you were in full earnest I might have to command stlesson in the auditory, for your prayers would drown the votce of the speaker. and we would have to pause in the great service. It is because you do not real-tes your ets before God that you are not this moment crying, "Mercy, mercy,

THE STREET, STRATES. This prayer of the publican was also an humble prayer. The pheriase looked up, the publican looked down. You can-not be saved as a metaphysician or as a rhetorician; you cannot be saved as a pobolar: you cannot be saved as an artist; you cannot be saved as an official If you are ever saved at all, it will be as a sinner. "God be merciful to me, a sin-

of the publican was, it had a ring of confidence. It was not a cry of despair. He know to was going to get what he asked for. He wanted morey, he asked for it, especting it. And do you tell me, O man, that Got has provided this salvation and is not going to let you have it?

will be not let people go over it? If a architect pute up a building, will be not let people in it? If God provides salva-tion, will be not let you have it? Oh, if there be a pharises here, a man who mys. I am all right, my past life has been right, I don't want the pardon of the gospel, for I have no sin to pardon, let me say that while that man is in that

let me say that while that man is in that mood there is no peace for him, there is no pardon, no salvation, and the probability is he will ge down and spend eternity with the lost pharises of the text.

THE ORATHFUL SEGMO.

But if there he here one who says I want to be better, I want to quit my sins, my life has been a very imperfect life, how many things have I said that I should not have said, how many things I have done I should not have done, I want to change my life, I want to begin now, let me say to such a soul, God is waiting, God is ready, and you are near the kingdom, or rather you have enthe kingdom, or rather you have en-tered it, for no man says I am deter-mined to serve God and surrender the sins of my life; here, now, I consecrate myself to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem me; no man from the depth of his soul says that but he is already a My uncle, the Rev. Samuel K. Talm

My uncle, the Rev. Samuel K. Talmage of Augusta, Ga., was passing along the streets of Augusta one day, and he saw a man, a black man, step from the side-walk cut into the street, take his hat off and how very lowly. My uncle was not a man who demanded obsequiousness, and he said, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the man, "massa, the other night I was going along the street, and I had a burden on my shoulder, and I was sick, and I was hungry, and I came to the door of your church, and you were preaching about 'God be merciful to me, a sinuer!' and I stood there at the door long enough to hear you say that if a man could atter that prayer from the depths of hir soul God would pardon him and finally take him to beaven. Then I put my burden on my shoulder, and I started home. I got to my home, and I said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' but it got darker and darker, and then, massa, I got down on my knees, and I said God be merciful to me, a sinner! and the burden got heavier, and it got darker and darker. I knew not what to do. Then I got down on my face, and I cried, 'God be merci-ful to me, a sinner!' and away off I saw a light coming, and it came nearer and nearer and nearer until all was bright in nearer and nearer until all was bright in my heart, and I arose. I am happy now —the burden is all gone—and I said to myself if ever I met you in the street I would get clear off the aidowalk, and I would bow down and take my hat off before you. I feel that I owe more to you than to any other man. That is the reason I bow before you."

THE CALL IS ON YOU. Oh, are there not many now who can utter this prayer, the prayer of the black man, the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" While I halt in the sermon, will you not all utter down in the depths of your souls' con-sciousness. Yes, the sigh goes all through the galleries, it goes all through the pews, it goes all through these aisles, sigh after sigh—God be merciful to use, a

Have you all uttered it? No, there is proud to utter it, too hard to utter it. O Holy Spirit, descend upon that one heart. Yes, he begins to breathe it now. No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer is beginningit is born. God be merciful to me, a sin ner! Have all uttered it? Then I utter it myself, for no one in all the house needs to utter it more than my own soul-God be merciful to me, a sinner!

LEARNING FROM US.

England and Germany Send Commissions to Learn How We Do Things.

A commission was sent from England to this country about six weeks ago for the purpose of examining the American system of public education in order to ascertain if there be any of its features that can be advantageously adopted in England or can be incorporated in a new school bill which is in course of preparation for introduction to parliament. All of the five members of the commission are ladies, and all are teachers in London schools. To each of them has been assigned a prescribed district in this country, and the one of them on service in and near this city has performed her duty thoroughly and has gathered a large amount of useful information, knowledge of a kind that cannot be obtained from school reports or from books about our system of popular education. The commissioners are women of experience and of singular capacity for the duties intrusted to them. We trust that their labors here will inure to the advantage of their country and aid in the deamortigation of its schools.

It seems that Germany as well as England is willing to learn something from this country. The German government has appointed a commission of military engineers to examine the railmake report upon it. They are to study the agencies of direction, the mechanism in use and the methods of transportation, with especial view to the obtaining of suggestions that may be useful to Germany in the event of war. We suppose that all persons who have traveled extensively over the ratiroads of Germany and have observed the way of conducting railroad business there must be secured that the commission can obtain a number of seefal hints here. The commissioners upon their arrival in this country will doubtless endeavor to make the acquaintance of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, who is entirely familiar with all the details of railroading and with the methods of transporting both men and freight for long distances or for short. Dr. Depow is now jaunting out west, where he is charming the interviewers, but we are more that he will take ti .e in any month of the year to render service to the German military engineers sent here to device ways by which the railroad methods of Gormany may be im-

We are harrow that our country is able to give valuable suggestions both to England and Germany. The English system of popular education is not as orderly as our system. The German admore efficient than it is by the adoption of some of the novelties that are of use here. Now York Sen.

had come from Texas, but in the nen of their romantic glory they came from everywhere and from every class. They included young Englishmen, college graduates from the east, well born Amer-icans—all sorts who did not "strike luch" as anything else and who were full of vim and love of adventure. They got \$40 a month and good heep during the great-er part of each year. They ro is good betwee that had as much of the devil in them as the "boys" themselves. They bought hand stamped Cheyenne saidles and California bits that were as cruate as jewelry and stuck their feet in grand tapaderos, or hooled stirrups, richly or-namented, padded with lamb's wool, and each as big as a fire hat. Their spurs were fit for grandees, their "ropes," or lariata, were selected with more care than a circus tightrope, and their big broad felt sombreros cost more than the Prince of Wales ever paid for a pot hat.

And then, alas' the cowmen began to economize in men, food, wages everything. The best of the old kind of cowhoys, who had not become owners or foremen, saloon keepers or gamblers or had not been shot, drifted away. Some of the smartest among there became "rustlers"—those cattle thieves whose depredations resulted in what almost came to be a war in Wyoming. They in-sisted that they had to do it to live.— Harper's.

The special correspondent of the London Times, whose collected "Letters From South Africa" have been published in book form, and whose able letters from Australia are now running in that journal, is a lady, Miss Flora Shaw. A discussion on journalists and their meth-ods was once going on in which Lord Cromer, who had seen a good deal of special correspondents, took part. Some-body made a remark slighting to the average journalistic thirst for accuracy. The British minister, who was of course a financier before he was a diplomatist, cited from his experience a striking ex-

A journalist had come to him once about a financial matter of great public importance, but tedious and complex in its details. He expounded it, but never its details. He expounded it, but never expected to see in print anything more than some loose and perhaps not very accurate generalization on the subject. In the sequel he was agreeably surprised by an exposition of the case to the public at once lucid, detailed and absolutely correct. "And that," he concluded, "was, oddly enough, a lady journalist." It was Miss Shaw, who is probably better in-Miss Shaw, who is probably better in-formed on colonial affairs than almost any other London journalist.—London

The young wife of an engineer residing near the Thiergarten had gone to spend the Easter holidays with her mother in Magdeburg and appeared so well satisfied with the change that she prolonged her stay, notwithstanding the pathetic arreals of her longery to the contract of the contract pathetic appeals of her lonesome hus-band. At last our involuntary grass widower deviced an original plan for inducing his little wife to return to her hearth and home. He got a friend of his who kept a camera to take a photo of his house and send it to his wife, with a letter stating that her intense longing for home would no doubt be somewhat unitigated when she saw that the old place remained as she had left it and that she could now stay with her mamma as long as she liked.

The very next train brought my lady unannounced, greatly excited and ac-companied by her mother. Whence this sudden apparition? The photo in question represented our engineer standing in front of the house and engaged in a lively conversation with the young lady next door, whose laughing features were distinctly portrayed in the picture. Explanations followed to the effect that the whole affair was a joke, but madam did not quite see it and staid at home instead of going back to Magdeburg with her . mamma. - Berliner Tageblatt.

Return of the Orkney Mermaid.

News has reached Kirkwall that the "mermaid" has agein made her appearance at Deerness, Orkney. The creature has arrived at the same place now many years in succession, where it remains all summer, disappearing to the winter and neturning again with fine weather. Last year a large sum of money was offered for its capture, and sportsmen tried to kill it. As it struck out to sea immediately it was fired at and was never ngain seen till now, it was thought it had been wounded or killed. Naturalists who have got a full description of the "mermaid" think it is an ocean seal, but the people of Deerness, who have watched it closely for years, say it has few if any of the seel's babits, and maintain it swims like a human being. At the present time it may be observed daily, being very partial to bright sunshine, but it rarely appears on dull days.

A whimsical letter written by W. S. Gilbert notes "a great want" among poets. "I should like to suggest," he seys, "that any inventor who is in need of a name for his invention would confer a boon on all rhymesters and at the same time insure himself many gratuitous advertisements if he were to select a word that rhymes to one of the many words in common use that have very few rhymes or noue at all. A few more words rhyming to 'love' are greatly wanted. Revenge and 'avenge' have no rhyme but 'Penge' and 'Stonehenge' 'Coif has no thyme at all. 'Starve' has no thyme except (oh, irony!) 'carve.' 'Scarf' has no rhyme, though I fully expect to be told that 'laugh,' 'call' and 'haif, are ad-

missible, which they certainly are not."

What Ports Need.

-Philadelphia Press. Table is certained, to every source in delicate terms by its Figure in delicate terms by its Figure in death of the left that a premised, and in every thousand complaint, it requirerly, or weaknow, and in every against our rition of the female eracine of the female eracine of the female eracine down paint, interval influentation and nicetalism, which back, and all injudical allessents are com-

for nervous and passeral debuity, Cheren, or its. Vitness Dance, Insernets, or Includy to hime, Sparra, Correlators or Fits, and biss office, by controlog the wissenily functions, oursel cases of invasion.

The Comboy of the Past.

The cowboys of picture and story of that is the brilliant dars. At first they can, By all draggists.



Mr. J. O. Androan cottdale, Pa., a veteran of the 11th Penn. ois., says, as a result of war service he

Suffered Every Minute From liver and kidney troubles, catarrh in the head, rhomation and distress in his shounch, Everything he are seemed like lead. Sloop was realless, and in the foorning in seemed more tired than when he went to bed. He says:

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"Wall, she had her skryte all on when I went in, all a framts" and a shining, down route the carpet, a glitterin' pile of pink natiu and white lane, and peope, Gorgus enough for a princes."

"At less like Flamms spoke and says size, as the kinder crassed herself before the g nas, "Bow do you like my dress?"
"Oh!" mays I, wantin' to make myself agreeable, "the skirts are beautiful, but I can't judge how the huit dress locks, you know, till you gas your waist on."

"My waist!" says she. "You!" one yet. "I have got it on." says she.
"Where is it?" says she. "You!" one yet. "I have got it on." says she.
"Where is it?" says she. "You!" one pink best ribbens, and a string of beads over each absorben. There, "says she, it is a pink best ribbens, and a string of beads over each absorbens. "Bays I, "Do you tell me, Miss Flamms, that you are going to down into that crowd of promisers me and wismen, with mothin' but them strings on to cover you?" Says I, "Do you sell not that and you a perfesser and a Christian?"

"You," says she, "I paid \$100 for this dress, and it haint likely I am going to miss."

OPINIONS OF CRITICS. Exceedingly amounts."—Best Establish Cornead, "Delleious learner."—FVI Cornead.
It is an evangel of the hostest acrossm on the follies of fashion. —Latheren Green.
Be excruciatingly funny, we had to sit back and length until the "mars came."—Weakly
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